

# Taber Free Press

VOL. II, NO. 37

TABER, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1908

\$1.50 YEARLY

**Drs. Lang & Leech**  
PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS, COCHQUEURS  
Consultations: 9 to 12, 2 to 5, 7 to 8  
W. H. LANG, M.D. West second st. north.  
G. W. LEECH, M.D. 2nd door E Union hotel.  
Office: Alberta Drug & Stationery Store

**R. P. Wallace, B.C.L.**  
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public  
Solicitor for the Eastern Townships  
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**Dr. William Norwood**  
DENTIST  
Graduate of Chicago College of  
Dental Surgery  
OFFICE: Alberta Drug & Stationery Store

**Doric Lodge, No. 31**  
A. F. & A. M. G. R. A.

Meets Tuesday on  
or before the full  
moon in the Masonic  
Hall, Main Street.  
Visiting brethren  
cordially welcome.

J. T. STEPHENSON, W.M.  
A. P. VEALE, Sec'y.

**TABER LODGE**  
No. 25

Meets every Thursday Evening in  
Douglas Block, Main St., at 8 o'clock.  
Visiting Brethren always welcome.

H. P. MUNRO, N.G.  
T. BULLOCK, R.S.

**W. BRUSH GRUBB**  
Insurance: Fire, Life, Accident  
Receives Traction Fines  
**REAL ESTATE**

**R. A. VanOrman**  
CONTRACTOR, BUILDER.  
All work guaranteed in every way.  
Estimates given on all classes of  
buildings.

**TABER**  
**FLOUR & FEED**  
**STORE**

**TRI LETHBRIDGE-NEW MILL**  
UNION MADE FLOUR

South Side of Track, opp. Depot  
Public Scales in connection

**BERT SUTTON**  
PROPRIETOR

**Are you**  
**the Man**

Requiring any of the following?  
**SEASONABLE GOODS?**

HEATING STOVES, BANGES,  
STOVE BOARDS, STOVE PIPES,  
ELBOWS, T-JOINTS, COAL HOES,  
FIRE SHOVELS, FIRE SCREENS,  
HEATING DRUMS, LANTERNS,  
ETC., ETC.

**Shiells has 'em**

**SHIELLS**  
**ELL**  
**TOVE**  
and  
**Furnaces**

## Rancher Frozen To Death

Storm at Maple Creek Results Fatally to Man and Sheep

Maple Creek, Oct. 24.—The blizzard which tied up traffic for two days resulted in the death of Harry Martin, of Martin Bros., sheep ranchers. While seeking sheep during the storm Martin was frozen to death.

Driven by the storm 2,500 sheep belonging to Ivor Wilson went into the lake and perished. Some 500 sheep belonging to Thos. Kerr also perished.

The trains which have been stalled fourteen miles from here for two days pulled in after midnight this morning.

## The Wolf

The theatre-goers of this town will have an opportunity on Monday, Nov. 2nd, at the Opera House, Taber, of witnessing a drama that has recently taken New York and London by storm. A Canadian drama of real life, the plot being laid in Western Canada, the scenes revolve around the work of the Hudson's Bay Co.

The reference is to "The Wolf," a drama by Eugene Walters, author of "Paid In Full." This well-known playwright has been successful in bringing home to us the hardships and dangers that have to be endured by many of our men of the bush. Many of us who do not really understand or know the lives that many of our western girls live. Here is a girl who, because her mother has proved faithless, is despised by her father, an unscrupulous Scotch settler. An American engineer, head of a surveying party, attempts to lure the girl away, but is thwarted in his attempt by a French-Canadian fur trader, who is in love with the girl, after a series of thrilling experiences.

The company presenting "The Wolf" is a genuine New York caste, and it is certain that a real dramatic treat is in store for the theatre-goers of this town.

## Church Services

Knos Church.—Morning service at 11 a.m., followed by Sunday School and Bible Class. Evening service, 7.30. Wednesday Congregational Prayer Meeting, 8 p.m.  
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.—Sunday school at 10 a.m. every Sunday. Sacrament meeting at 2 p.m. Sunday evening service at 8 p.m.—Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, every Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Primary Association every Saturday at 3 p.m.  
St. Theodore Church.—Morning Prayer, 11 a.m.; Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Evening Prayer, 7.30 p.m.; Holy Communion, 11 a.m. first Sun. in each month and 8.30 a.m. on third Sunday in the month.

Kingston, N.Y., Oct. 24.—At yesterday's session of the Presbyterian Synod of New York and New England it was decided to send petitions to Roosevelt, and after election to the president-elect, asking that he put an end to Sunday baseball in the army and navy, and also request congress to prohibit Sunday banking to compel corporations doing an interstate service to give their employees 24 hours' rest every Sunday.

## Rural Elevator Prices

(Furnished the Daily News by the Alberta Pacific Elevator Co.)

The following prices will govern at all stations on the C. & E. Railway, Macleod to Strathcona, both inclusive; also at stations on the Crow's Nest line west of Macleod and on the main line between Calgary and Strathcona:

WINTER WHEAT.	
No. 1 red	70c
No. 2 red	67c
No. 3 red	63c
No. 4 red	56c
No. 5 red	48c
No. 1 rejected red	60c
No. 2 rejected red	57c
No. 3 rejected red	52c
No. 1 white	67c
No. 2 white	64c
No. 3 white	59c
No. 4	50c
No. 5 white	45c
No. 1 rejected white	55c
No. 2 rejected white	52c
No. 3 rejected white	47c
No. 1 feed	40c
No. 2 feed	35c
Bye	50c

SPRING WHEAT	
No. 1 northern	72c
No. 2 northern	69c
No. 3 northern	66c
No. 4 northern	61c
No. 5 northern	58c
No. 6 northern	43c
No. 1 rejected northern	66c
No. 2 rejected northern	63c
No. 3 feed	40c
No. 4 feed	35c
Oats	23c
Malt barley	40c
No. 3 barley	34c
No. 4 barley	30c
Feed barley	25c
Rejected barley	25c
Flax	90c

Add 2 cents per bushel on wheat at Irvine.

Add 1 cent per bushel on wheat at Lethbridge, Coaldale, Taber and Gleichen.

Deduct 1 cent per bushel on wheat at Camrose, Chigwell, Alton, Bittern Lake, Bawlf and Tees.

Deduct 2 cents per bushel on wheat and 1 cent per bushel on oats and barley at Daysland, Strone, Stettler, Killam, Sedgwick, Loughheed, Erskine, Hardisty and Raymond.

Deduct 3 cents per bushel on wheat and 2 cents per bushel on oats and barley at Magrath, Raley, Spring Coule and Cardston.

## Just Received

Latest - Designs

IN

Fall Woollens,  
Worsteds, etc.

The BEST Ever!!

**A. Potter & Co**

Tailors, Clothiers and Outfitters  
TO MEN WHO KNOW

## Hurls Himself Under Train

Recently Discharged British Soldier Takes His Own Life

Thos. Flood was instantly killed at Dauphin, Man., last Saturday morning about 1.30 o'clock. He was standing on the C.N.R. platform when No. 1 came in and deliberately threw himself in front of the oncoming train. He was struck by a pilot and rolled under the wheels, being badly mangled and instantly killed. The remains were removed to the undertaking parlors of Lawrence & Thompson.

Papers found on the body showed him to be Thomas Flood, aged 40, and that his discharge had been completed from the Royal Artillery Regiment at Woolwich on Oct. 3rd, 1908. He was born in the parish of Castlebury, County Cork, and joined the 31st heavy battery regiment Royal Garrison Artillery at the age of 19 in the rank of gunner.

He sailed from Liverpool on the ss. Virginian, and having received his discharge on Oct. 3rd he could only have arrived here a few hours before the tragedy occurred. So far as can be learned he had no friends here. Coroner Harrington viewed the remains and decided that no inquest was necessary, it being a clear case of suicide. Funeral arrangements have not yet been made.

## Frozen on the Prairie

Sheep Rancher South of Hills Perishes

Two or three days ago word was received in the city of a terrible tragedy of last week's snow storm. Duncan Cameron, a herder employed on the Shaw ranch south of the Cypress Hills was frozen to death while on duty, in spite of the heroic efforts of a fellow-herdsman, Donald Fisher, to carry his dying comrade to a place of Tuesday.

Tuesday last, while the snow storm was raging, Fisher and Cameron were working together out on the range, tending the sheep. Late in the night Cameron was overcome by the cold, and his condition became so serious that he decided to make for the nearest ranch. Accompanied by Fisher he set off for the Jenkinson home, but soon lost control of his limbs and in a freezing condition he was carried the rest of the way by his comrade. Practically the last chance of saving the man was gone when it was found that the Jenkinson house was closed up, and it was necessary to leave Cameron in a shed while Fisher rode posthaste for another ranch in the district. The Blue ranch is nearly twenty miles from Jenkinson's place, and here Donald Fisher brought the sad news. On the matter being reported to the police Dr. Boyd was notified (word did not reach the city until Sunday morning). The body, it is understood, is being carried to Mr. Ed. Shaw's home at Little Plume, and the doctor will probably leave to-day to conduct an examination. Shaw was a relative of the dead man—Medicine Hat Times.

"Never call a man a liar."  
"But suppose I catch some fellow in a confounded whopper?"  
"Suppose you do, don't be impetuous. Just look him in the eye and say pleasantly, 'You talk like a weather bureau.'"

## WE ARE AGENTS FOR THE OLIVER STANDARD TYPEWRITER

Easy Monthly Payments. Call in and look at one.

## The Alberta Drug & Stationery Co.

BRICK STORE : : HOUGH STREET

## Eastern Townships Bank.

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000 RESERVE, \$1,800,000  
57 branches and agencies in Canada. 48 years in operation  
**General Banking Business Conducted**  
**ACCOUNTS SOLICITED**  
**Drafts Sold in all parts of the World**  
Money orders payable in any bank in Canada (Yukon excepted) United States, England, Scotland, at following rates  
\$5 and under, 03 \$10 to \$50, 10c  
\$5 to \$10, 06 \$30 to \$50, 15c  
Impossible to lose your money in transmitting it by this method  
**Taber Branch, C. E. Moe, Manager**

## THE PIONEER MERCHANTS

## New Fall and Winter DRY GOODS

## Our New Fall Stocks are now Complete

LADIES', MISSES' & CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR in All Lines  
MEN'S & BOYS' UNDERWEAR  
LADIES' GOLF BLOUSES in a good variety of Colors and Styles  
HOSIERY OF ALL KINDS for Ladies & Children, Boys & Girls  
Also a Good Range of DRESS GOODS in New Materials and Shades

## The Taber Trading Co., Ltd.

## E. N. Harding Co. ERVINE & TODD

—AGENTS FOR—

**Hart-Parr Gasolene Engines**

**Cockshutt Engine**

**Gang Plows**

SEE OUR STOCK OF  
**LAP ROBES & HORSE BLANKETS**  
JUST ARRIVED.

**E. C. JONES**

Painter, Paper Hanger, Sign-Writer. Estimates free

Agent for the famous Best Vapor Gas Light Co.

**Notice to the Public**

The undersigned builders and contractors are prepared to furnish plans and specifications for buildings of all kinds and sizes. Address them at the Taber Hotel.

**McKellar & Wildman**  
Builders and Contractors



# The MYSTERY

By Stewart Edward White  
And Samuel Hopkins Adams

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(Continued)

As for a prearranged scene, the fog veiled it. There floated silently and swiftly the Laughing Lass. Down the bore upon the greater vessel until it seemed as if she must run, but all the time she was veering to windward, and now she ran into the wind with a castast rattle of sails. So close aboard was she that the eager eyes of Uncle Sam's men peered down upon her empty decks, for she was void of life.

Behind the cruiser's blanketing she sailed off very slowly, but presently caught the breeze full and again whitened the water at her prow. Forgetting regulations, Ives hailed loudly: "Aho, Laughing Lass. Aho, Billy Edwards!"

No sound, no animate motion, came from aboard that ship appearing in the fall astern. A shudder of horror ran across the Wolverine's quarter deck. A wrath ship, peopled with skeletons, would have been less dreadful to their sight than the brisk and active desolation of the heeling schooner.

"Been deserted since early last night," said Trendon hoarsely. "How can you tell that?" asked Barnett.

"Both sails reefed down, ready for that squall. Been no weather since to call for reefs. Must have quit her during the squall."

"Then they jumped," cried Carter. "I saw her boats. It can't be believable."

"Neither was the other," said Trendon grimly.

A hurried succession of orders stopped further discussion for the time. Ives was sent aboard the schooner to lower sail and report back with a staggering death of information. The boats were all there; the ship was intact—as intact as when Billy Edwards and his crew had left the cheery, lovable ensign and his men had vanished without trace or clew. As to the how or the wherefore they might reach the schooner, Ives was guessing. There was the beginning of a log in the ensign's handwriting, which Ives had found with high excitement and read with bitter disappointment.

"Had squall from northeast," it ran. "Double reefed her, and she took it nicely. Seems to me, though, that she was in a bad way. Search for log. No result. Have ordered one of the crew, who is a brave bold chap, to go ashore to look for the log. He reports marks on the log as if somebody had been trying to pick it before him."

There was no further cry. "The Trendon is right," said Barnett. "Whatever happened—and God only knows what it could have been—it happened just after the squall."

"Just about the time of the strange glow," cried Ives.

It was decided that two men and a petty officer should be sent aboard the Laughing Lass to search for a cable and remain on board overnight. But when the order was given the men hung back. One of them protested brookingly that he was sick. Trendon after examination reported to the captain.

"Case of blue funk, sir. Might as well be sick. Good for nothing. Others aren't much better."

"Who was to be in charge?" "Congdon," replied the doctor, naming one of the petty officers.

"He's my cockswain," said Captain Parkinson. "A first class man. I can hardly believe that he is afraid. We'll see."

Congdon was sent for.

"You're ordered aboard the schooner for the night, Congdon," said the captain.

"Yes, sir."

"Is there any reason why you do not wish to go?"

The man hesitated, looking nervous. The finally blurted out, not without a certain dignity:

"I obey orders, sir."

"Speak out, my man," urged the captain kindly.

"Well, sir, it's Mr. Edwards. Then you couldn't scare him off a ship, sir, unless it was something—something—"

He stopped, frowning at the word.

"You know what Mr. Edwards was sir, for pluck," he concluded.

"Was," cried the captain sharply.

"What do you mean?"

"The schooner got him, sir. You don't make no doubt of that, do you, sir?"

The man spoke in a husky voice, with a shivering glance back of him.

"Will you go aboard under Mr. Ives?"

"Anywhere my officer goes I'll go and gladly, sir."

Ives was sent aboard in charge. For that night, in a light breeze, the two ships lay close together, the schooner riding jauntily astern. But not until morning threatened the world of waters did the Wolverine's people feel confident that the Laughing Lass would not vanish from their ken like a shadow of the mist.

## CHAPTER V.

WHEN Barnett came on deck very early on the morning of June 1 he found Dr. Trendon in a state of wakefulness and staring moodily out at the Laughing Lass. As the night was calm the fog had faded fair time toward their port in the Hawaiian group. The surgeon was muttering something which seemed to Barnett to be in a foreign tongue.

"Thought out any crew, doctor," asked the first officer.

"Pett! Chel! phaw! John! Celi! menel! I've got it! The Marie Celeste!"

"Got what? What about her?"

"Parallels case," said Trendon. "Sat off from New York back in the seventh. Seven weeks out was found deserted. Everything in perfect order. Captain's wife's hair on the machine. Boots all accounted for. No sign of struggle. Log written to within forty-eight hours."

"What became of the crew?"

"Fish! I could tell you. Might help to unravel our tangle. He shook his head in sudden, unwanted passion.

"Evidently there's something criminal in her record," said Barnett, frowning at the frisky schooner astern. "Otherwise the name wouldn't be painted out."

"Painted out long ago. See how rusty it is. Schermerhorn's work, maybe," replied Trendon. "Secret expedition, remember?"

"In the name of wonders, why should he do it?"

"Secret expedition, wasn't it?"

"Pleasure," came a message. "But it's other thoughtfully. 'It's quite possible.'"

"Captain wishes to see both of you gentlemen in the wardroom, if you please," came a message.

Below they found all the officers gathered. Captain Parkinson was pacing up and down in ill-controlled agitation.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we are facing a problem which so far as I know

is without parallel in the history of the sea."

"What is it, sir?" asked Barnett.

"The disappearance of the schooner, the Laughing Lass, and her crew."

"The schooner was last seen on the morning of June 1, and has not been seen since."

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as he succeeded by equally true news as that cut out the vista into a checkered pattern of visible sea and impenetrable grayness. Before evening the Laughing Lass, making slow way through the mist, had become separated by a league of waves from the cruiser. One glimpse of her between mist areas the Wolverine caught at sunset. Then wind and rain descended in furious volume from the south-east. The cruiser immediately headed about, following the probable course of her change, which would be beaten far down to leeward. It was a gloomy mess on the warship. In his cabin Captain Parkinson was frankly seasick—a condition which nothing but the extreme of nervous depression ever induced in him.

For several hours the rain fell and the gale howled. Then the sky swiftly cleared, and with the clearing there came a great cry of amazement from stern to stern of the cruiser, for far toward the western horizon appeared such a prodigy as the eye of no man should that ship had ever beheld.

A narrow band of brilliant blue, gold, rich and splendid streamers of light appeared up into the blackness of the heavens.

On board the cruiser all hands stood petrified round in a stupor of speechless wonder. After the first cry of amazement the silence was broken by a scream of terror from forward quarters, where a man had been at the wheel came clambering down the ladder and ran along the deck, his fingers played and stiffened before the splendor of his life in his panic.

"The needle! The compass!" he shrieked.

Barnett ran to the wheelhouse with Trendon at his heels. The others followed. The needle was away like lightning, and in a twinkling it had stopped, quivered and curved itself upward until it rattled like a fairy drum upon the glass shield. Barnett looked at it in amazement.

"Volcano!" he said.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," muttered the surgeon in his deep bass, and looked forth upon the streaming, raked heavens. "It's like nothing else."

In the west the splendor and the terror shot to the zenith. Barnett whirled the wheel. The ship responded perfectly.

"I thought she might be bewitched, too," he murmured.

"Two points in the light," said Mr. Barnett. "I said Captain Parkinson calmly. He had come from his cabin, his nervous depression gone in the face of an imminent and visible danger.

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## A DRESS ALLOWANCE.

It Develops a Girl's Individuality and Shows Her Character.

The uninitiated who read the sensational newspapers firmly believe that the daughter of the rich has a private income that would support a dozen urban asylums and that she never wears a frock but one and then daily for half an hour, says Mrs. Osborn in the August Deliberator.

On the contrary, it is quite a fad among the fashionable at present to put their fingers on a dress allowance—and a large one either—at a very early age. I have seen girls of fifteen and sixteen struggling with the problem of keeping within their incomes that promises well for the future. It is an amusing reversal of old conditions to hear the daughter arguing economy and common sense.

The mother, weakly, "But really, I think you ought to have allowance." The child, kindly, but firmly: "No, mother, I do not need that pink pongee. My white linen is good enough."

It is quite a holy rule that you cannot begin too early to give a girl a sense of proportion, to develop her feeling of fitness of things in dress, to educate her taste as carefully as you would train her voice or her mind.

She ought to be taught the beauty of completion when she is dressing—of color and discrimination of color when she is picking out her hair ribbons.

The mother who keeps her child's clothes entirely in her own hands until she has reached young womanhood is doing her a great injustice. A well dressed woman isn't made in a day, and fine discrimination and discrimination in dress only come with years of experience, during which the faculty of selection can be developed to a high degree of perfection.

## TO CUT BREAD EVEN.

A Board the Home Carpenter Will Find Easy to Make.

Here is one of the most useful devices to which the handy man can give his attention. It is very rarely that a housekeeper can cut even and handsome slices of bread, however

careful she may be. The reason is that the bread is not cut straight, but is cut at an angle, so that the slices are not even.

The remedy is to use a bread board, which is a board with a curved edge, so that the bread is cut straight, and the slices are even.

The bread board is made of wood, and is about 12 inches long and 6 inches wide. It is cut with a curved edge, so that the bread is cut straight, and the slices are even.

The bread board is used by placing the bread on it, and then cutting it with a knife. The curved edge of the board keeps the bread straight, and the slices are even.

The bread board is a very useful device, and is well worth the trouble of making. It is made of wood, and is about 12 inches long and 6 inches wide. It is cut with a curved edge, so that the bread is cut straight, and the slices are even.

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## AN UPHOLSTERY HINT.

Embroidered Green Glean Loops For the Summer Curtain.

It is a good idea to make curtains now. Where half a dozen kinds of different draperies are used on one floor, it gives a unity to the effect to have all the loops, at least, alike.

The latest is a certain kind of made of quality of green glass linen, that lustrous material which stands any number of tubbings without losing its beauty.

Such loops may be wide or narrow. It is possible to buy straight strips of the narrower bands ready embroidered, and they are far from costly. Shaped loops are made to order or they may be worked at home. The design should be something in keeping with the material, and the embroidery looks best if done in white cotton on a colored ground or in a cotton to match the linen. Small flowers placed close together, apple or cherry blossoms or carnations, are always suggestive of the green.

When cretonne, cotton, flowered taffeta or any of the colored materials are used in the drapery, curtains are used, then the same may be made into loops. If one is carrying out the correct scheme of decoration, draped curtains are not always preferred to straight hanging ones, especially in the city, but for summer rooms in the country nothing could be more pleasing.

It is a good idea to see that they are getting as much fresh air as possible. Looked back curtains give a room a more airy and open appearance than straight hanging ones, which is another reason why this style is adapted to the country houses.

Antique supports for curtain loops are being revived and are much liked for cretonne draperies. Perhaps they are not quite so large as were the huge slides made of wood upon which the long trailing curtains of days gone by were draped, but in every other detail they are identical. Some even are of solid brass, and in perfect imitation of the old ones that are so highly valued.

## A GOOD LETTER.

Ease the Most Conspicuous Literary Quality of a Social Letter.

Ease carried over to the point of unconventionality is the most conspicuous literary quality of a social letter.

Elliptical expressions are proper enough in response to a social invitation, but they have no place in notes of ceremony.

Naked egotism is as much out of place in a formal letter as in the drawing room or at the dinner table.

Extreme precision, whether of phrase, construction or punctuation, is not a virtue in a social letter.

It is a good idea to see that they are getting as much fresh air as possible. Looked back curtains give a room



## WOMEN'S INTERESTS.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's Letter to the London Times.

In glancing over Mrs. Humphry Ward's letter to the London Times the thoughtful American reader must be struck with two points: First, the girl, which separates the woman's suffrage question in England and America, and second, the evidently superior knowledge that Mrs. Ward carried away with her with regard to the present status of the issue on this side of the Atlantic. On one point, however, Mrs. Ward is absolutely correct: The methods employed by the suffragettes have been a decided disadvantage to the movement among American women. By descending to Englishmen's "vicious street methods" of claiming their rights they have placed themselves and the cause they represent in an illogical attitude.

Women have ever urged that their admission to the rights of citizenship must tend to improve politics, and those who stand for human dignity and higher aspirations must necessarily shrink from espousing a cause, however righteous, that must place under a necessity of appealing to indorse lawlessness. That their cause was advised, as stated by great liberal leaders is no excuse for women of good judgment, and the same American women who are so ready to vote only as a matter of abstract right, but principally because of a much felt need in the equalization of working women's and children's opportunities, must deprecate as derogatory the turn given to the movement in Great Britain, even though it prove successful.

This much having been said, and to return to Mrs. Ward's letter, it is well to note the distinguished writer already enjoys municipal and educational franchises, and is recognized by her government as eligible and competent to sit on city, county and school boards. For all purposes of local work she is enfranchised. When she deals with the subject of woman suffrage in England she is therefore dealing with something totally different from that of woman suffrage as it stands today in America. The question before the English people is whether the last step in the ascent of woman should be taken. The question as it stands in most states of America is whether any step at all in the ascent of woman is wise.

Induced viewed in this light, Mrs. Ward's letter seems one long advocacy of municipal suffrage for women. There is hardly a line in the entire writing but which is in support of the women today have found their highest usefulness in educational and civic matters, a fact recognized in England, and which is the basis of the franchise. This being granted, the view is that they should be satisfied and leave participation in the government to the men of national and international affairs to man. This is the point reached by Mrs. Ward, and it is the point which is not that which it has reached here, and to confuse the two situations is likely not only to obscure the issue, but to lead to misunderstanding.

## AN EVENING AT HOME.

A Few Lively Games to While Away the Hours.

A funny game to arrange is to assign each man of the party to the task of writing a description of some lady's gown. The name of the person whose gown is to be described must be given, and purpose and about ten minutes allowed for the work.

Meanwhile the women can be working for another prize by a guessing contest of a doublet. A very absurd but exciting one is to give each feminine competitor an empty glass paper which she is required to fill in the length of time. The holes for the pins will be already made.

A bowl of loose pins is placed on the table, around which the fair players gather, and each strives to get her paper filled first. The woman whose paper is full when the time limit is up, or who has filled more rows than any fellow worker, wins a pretty pin cushion. The gentlemen whose description is considered best by three feminine judges appointed to pronounce upon the masculine attempts receives a prize. This might be a book containing portraits of famous beauties of the past in their quaint costume.

What He Looks At.

Some men take an all at all girls wear. The average woman if she be the kind he likes—or the other kind. If he cannot go into details he can, however, see whether—

Her shoes are run down at the heels or any of the buttons are gone.

Her gloves have holes in the tips and would be better for napkins or gloves.

She looks "handy" or as if she had never heard of pressing.

She is sporty or slovenly or neat and trim.

Men may be impressionists as to colors and materials; they are etched when it comes to nothing little things that bespeak cleanliness.

Do not forget, girls, that it is by such little things that you are judged rather than by what you pay for your clothes or how well you carry them.

A Toast.

Here's to the danger of Eden,  
Which Adam ate a wedge of  
Got bit by a snake,  
Then a longer it seemed to press her.  
For clothes' sufficient to dress her.  
And ever since then  
It's been up to us men  
To pay for the dresses. God bless her!

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## Celluloid Starch

Never Sticks. Requires no Cooking.

The Improved Starch Works, Limited, Bradford, Canada.

Expected Too Much.

"Look here, Abraham," said the Judge, "it's been proved right here in court that instead of doing something to help support your wife and children, you spend your whole time hunting for a position."

The old negro hung his head.

"Now, Abe, you love your wife, don't you?"

"Ah, certainly does."

"And your children?"

"And you love them both better?"

"Better every day, judge," Abe broke in.

"—better than a thousand possums!"

"Look hyah, judge," exclaimed Abe with widening eyes, "the takin' coon at a powerful disadvantage!"

From the Bohemian Magazine.

Comfort for the Dyspeptic.—There is no ailment so harassing and exasperating as dyspepsia, which arises from defective action of the stomach and liver, and the victims of it is to be pitied. Yet he can find relief in Parmenter's Vegetable Pills, a preparation that has established itself by years of efficient use. These pills that are widely advertised as the greatest ever compounded, but are not one of them rank in value with Parmenter's.

"Where did Maude get that dandy \$500 gown?"

"She earned it by writing an article on 'How to Dress on \$50 a Year.'"

Judge.

Only the choicest selected hill-grown tea leaves are used in "Santal de Indes," giving it a delicate fragrance, and delicious flavor.

"Were you scared when you got 25,000 feet high?"

"No, sir," replied the intrepid woman who climbed mountains like a cat, "I was only scared when I saw the other woman who had climbed the mountain."

"You know the Corn Cane after the Corn Cane?"

"Corn, cause much suffering, but the Corn Cane after the Corn Cane, sure, and satisfactory result."

Robinson Crusoe named his man Friday.

"I wanted a week-end party," he explained.

Herewith joy resigned unconquered.

—New York Sun.

Minard's Liniment Co. Limited.

Dear Sirs, we have a block of Turner's Liniment for a long time and tried a number of remedies without any good results.

MINARD'S LINIMENT, and after using several bottles it made a complete cure, and it healed all up and disappeared altogether.

DAVID HENDERSON,

Belleisle Station, King's Co., N. B., Sept. 17, 1904.

"Your Norwegian friend seems to be always in the clouds."

"No wonder; he has just won the 'championship.'—Baltimore American.

Your dining room and kitchen can be kept free from flies by using Wilson's Fly Pads as directed on each package. Get the genuine Wilson's; no other flies compare with them.

Plenty of Time.

A long-haired man walking along the street met a little boy, who asked him the time.

"Ten minutes to nine," said the man.

"Well," said the boy, "at 9 o'clock got your hair cut. And he took to his heels and ran, the aggrieved one after him."

Turning the corner, the man ran in to a policeman, nearly knocking him over.

"What's up?" asked the policeman.

"The man, very much out of breath, said: 'You see that young scoundrel running along there?'

"And he told him, 'Ten minutes to 9,' and he said, 'At 9 o'clock got your hair cut.'"

"Well," said the policeman, "what are you running for? You have eight minutes yet." Haggard's upper lip.

Point Not Well Taken.

observe," said the editor of the magazine, "the book that was submitted to him by the aspiring author thereof, was a longish letter to the editor, 'How can there be such a thing as a lean hour?'"

"Why not?" demanded the author.

"There is such a thing as a spare moment, isn't there?"

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## THIS FIRST GUARD DUTY.

A Boy Ensign Who Made His Own General's Prisoner.

Incidents in real life do not always work out after the manner of the story book. The tale of the sentry who made his own general's prisoner is common. The sequel is invariably "Noble boy!" from the commander of the attacking army, of conscious virtue on the part of the sentry. An occurrence told by a British soldier in the Peninsular War does not work out in just the approved fashion. The incident took place in 1805 when the regiment was in camp.

The first time I was on guard rounds duty the vigilant and unobtrusively neglected to send me the parole and counterword until a late hour. The general noticed my hesitating challenge for the password, of which I was in total ignorance. He rose up and reproached me, demanding the counterword and accusing me of not knowing it.

"I am placed here to receive, not to give, the counterword," I coolly answered.

"Very well. I will see about this in the morning," he said.

Being a new duty to me, I was pretty nervous. The general turned around to ride off. I told him my orders were to allow no one to pass without the counterword. A titter was heard from the men.

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## GERMANY'S END.

An Old Prophecy Gives the Empire Only Five Years More.

Five years more and the German empire will cease to exist. So at least says a prophecy made in the thirteenth century by a monk named Herman, who lived in the monastery of Lehnin, in Brandenburg, where he wrote a work in Latin concerning the future destiny of Germany for many centuries. The work is styled the "vaticinium Lehnense," and it is in verses after the manner of the syllable books.

The monk seems to have foretold the defeat at Jena and the constitution of the Germanic confederation in 1815. Unfortunately the prophetic Herman foretells in plain language the downfall of the Hohenzollern dynasty, and William II. is destined to be the last of his race to sit on the imperial throne. The verses that foretell this are:

"Verse 93. Tandem sceptrum gerit quicquid stantem altum erit."

"Verse 102. Tandem sceptrum gerit quicquid stantem altum erit."

(At last the scepter is in the hands of him who will be the last of the royal race.)

In 1840 William I., king of Prussia, consulted a celebrated seer who in answer to his queries told him that he would ascend the throne in 1840, that the German empire would be established in 1871, that he would die in 1888, and that the German empire would come to an end in 1913. The first three prophecies have been fulfilled to the very letter.—New York Sun.

Pole Discovery Must Be Proved.

Over their lunch the fishermen, at ease in the bobbing boat, talked about Peary.

"Why doesn't he just let it come back and let it go at that? It would save a lot of money."

"Yes, it would save money, but Peary must bring back proof."

"How can he bring back proof?"

"With his camera. It is like this. Only at the north pole would the shadow of a bullet suspended from a string describe in a day's time a perfect circle. Everywhere else the shadow of a bullet suspended from a string would describe a circle, but it would not be a perfect circle. Well, if he ever gets to the pole, he will hang up his bullet and photograph an arc of his circle. He won't photograph the whole thing, because at the north pole a full day is six months long. The arc, though, will tell the story to scientists. It will be the proof that no fish has been worked."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Queen's Love of Animals.

I love all animals, even spiders. They spin so cleverly and are so useful. I have a spider on my wall, and it is so useful. I have a spider on my wall, and it is so useful. I have a spider on my wall, and it is so useful.

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## No Pain with Red Blood

Get your blood right by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food and rheumatic pains will disappear.

Rheumatism and diseases of the nerves are closely allied—both are due to this watery and impure blood.

Have you ever noticed that it is when you are tired, weak, worn out and exhausted that

Owing to the death  
of our agent, Mr.  
Barton, we are  
now changing  
our business  
here

We must reduce our  
stock at once, and  
are offering great  
bargains in all  
lines for  
Cash

FOR CASH

**BARGAINS**

IN

**LUMBER**

Go to the

**ENTERPRISE LUMBER**

**CO.'S YARD - TABER**

Full line  
of lumber, doors,  
windows, laths, shingles, etc.

Cash talks.  
Bring some in-  
to our yard and see  
what it will do for you





## The Ways ...Of Fate.

By Zeila Margaret Walters.  
Copyrighted, 1906, by Associated  
Literary Press.

When it became an established fact that Daniel Forbes would have to go working on his own account, he had no other undertaking to manage the delicate affair for him. She selected Lucy Wilson, a capable girl.

"Now, you go over there tonight," she directed her son. "Lucy's willing, and the old folk have given their consent, so there's nothing to be afraid of. Lucy's so lively and runs on so I guess you won't have to do much talking."

Although David turned pale under his cap, he prepared to obey. He drove past the Wilson farmhouse twice, but on approaching the third time, just as he was about to enter recklessly, he saw Lucy on the porch, and turning his horse about, he fled.

Thus abruptly ended David's first advance toward matrimony. Indignant, Lucy quickly accepted another suitor, and David settled down to what seemed hopeless bachelorhood.

One morning in midsummer when the first hazy dews were rippling Mrs. Forbes asked David to take a half day from the farm work and go to the mountain for some berries. He agreed and started off with a basket on either arm. Many berry pickers were at work on the lower slopes and near the path, but David had no intention of offering often from their rough wit, went farther on, circling around to the steeper, steeper side of the mountain.

He found a place where the bushes were loaded with fruit. But even in this lonely place he was disturbed by some one approaching through the brush.

He caught a glimpse of a woman's gown and started to retreat noiselessly. Then he noticed that it was a pink gown and paused. The farmer's daughters and the village girls did not wear such pink dresses when they went berrying on the mountain side.

David had observed more than his friends gave him credit for, so he waited a moment to see who this girl was. Quite unexpectedly she came to full view, scarcely five yards from him. There was no retreating then. David bent over the bushes industriously.

The fair stranger (in the one brief glance David found that she was both fair and a stranger) was picking too. She had half filled a fanciful little basket. David wondered why she was alone so far from the frequented paths.

The girl came to him, her handsome face lit up with a smile, and she was at once as friendly as a neighbor.

"Why doesn't she speak?" she thought. "The others all do. I wonder who she is. I haven't seen him anywhere. I'll just stay until she speaks."

David was chained to the spot. His diffidence urged him to flee, but some thing stronger held him almost within arm's length of the girl. In his wild excitement, however, he never thought of doing more than stare at her in reaction. Nothing less than a miracle would have made him change his attitude.

Fate, which one time in a thousand is unexpectedly kind, interposed with something very like a miracle. There was a falling of a stone from the cliff, followed by a muffled roar. The ground yawned in an awful gulf at their feet.

Man and maid, clutching wildly at each other, slid down, down, blinded and choked by the flying dust. Through it all David had kept his arm about the girl, whom his eyes had seen when the nature of the calamity had burst upon him.

His first thought when the uproar ceased was that he should be there. He moved cautiously to assure himself that he was yet in the body and then opened his eyes and found that he was not buried, as he had expected to be. At a distance above his head he saw the branches of a tree baring the blue of the sky. Then he looked at the lovely stranger lying in his arms. Her eyes opened, fixed on his in terror.

To David's own everlasting surprise he found himself stroking her hair soothingly. His tongue was unloosed.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "The danger is all over now."

"You saved my life now," she said in a hushed voice.

"Not at all," he answered briskly. "I only held you when I saw that we were going down. We were lucky together that we came out on top."

For David knew that they had fallen into an abandoned pocket of the coal mine. The surface had crumbled away, and the pocket had run too near the surface of the mountain side for safety.

The girl, weeping softly, clung to David. The surest way to win her gratitude would be to get her out as soon as possible. He racked his brains for a plan of escape.

"Crawling up the steep, perpendicular sides of the pit was out of the question."

"Some of the berry pickers may have heard the noise," he said cheerfully, "and your friends will soon be looking for you."

"No," she said, "they are so far from here. Besides, I ran away from them, and they will think I have gone home."

"They'll search for me when I don't come," she said. "Though he spoke laughingly to reassure her, he knew the futility of this hope. The territory to be searched was very large. They

might have to pass the night in the awful desert of fresh earth falling at any moment. But in the gloom of his reflections a sound familiar, though muffled, came to his ears. He turned to his companion, laughing.

"Help is at hand," he said in mock heroics. "Prepare for the most romantic happening of your life. We are about to be rescued by a mule."

The cheer was contagious and she lost her fear.

"Since the mule is no nearer there must be a thin wall of earth between us and a passage of the mine," he went on. "I'm going to dig through, and we'll wait till we find some miners."

Although he had nothing but a rough, broken tool to work with, no attack of the wall vigorously. The girl stood beside him.

Soon he could thrust his arm through the opening he had made. Then he worked furiously until it was large enough for them to creep through. The fear of more earth falling was upon him every moment. An astounded mule came to him, and he gave it a pat on the neck and then fled wildly back into the mine.

"Come," said David, taking her hand and leading her to the opening. She clung close to him as they went into the darkness. Their progress was toilsome, for David had to feel his way step by step and shield his companion.

It seemed that hours of this maddening groping went by, and yet David was not tired. He thought of the girl who had dogged the footsteps of the girl he was with, and he was glad to see her.

She cried out when a point of light showed far ahead of them. A moment later a voice with a rich Welsh accent called out, "Come in, come in, come in."

And he'd come in, but he'd come in a runaway mule outen the old pocket. And I'm danged if there he's a lady comin', too—and David Forbes, as I'm danged, too."

The miner listened to David's story of the cave-in and then conducted them to the shaft, muttering softly, "Well, I'm danged."

When they stood on firm earth in the welcome sunlight David again asserted his newly discovered mission. "You're a miner, aren't you? You've been digging from here and rough walking. I'll get a horse and buggy somewhere around here and take you up to our house. Then after you have supper and rest I'll drive you to town. My mother will be glad to have you come."

Oh David, if only you knew nothing of women.

The stranger assented with a meekness as unbecoming as her imperiousness was in David.

Never before had David been so anxious that his blue horse and well kept farm wagon should be ready for him. Mrs. Forbes received the girl with eager hospitality. When she heard of the accident her sympathy was boundless.

She assured Mrs. Forbes that David was positively the bravest man in the world. Mrs. Forbes looked at him with a mixture of admiration and wonder.

While waiting for supper Marion demanded that David show her about the place where the accident occurred.

"I've always longed to visit a farm," she said as with mutual satisfaction they strolled through meadows and orchards.

She'll send one of the men to tell you people where you are?" David asked when she remarked that it was growing late.

"No," she said. "No one cares very much where I am. I have no nearer than Aunt Kate, and she thinks I am a great nuisance, though I'm only with her for my two weeks' vacation each year."

"There is some one who cares very much where you are," said David boldly. Marion hastened to admire the beautiful view from the orchard slope, but he was not to be diverted.

She had a little story of her commonplace little story of struggle and hard work.

"You are not going back at all," said David. "You're afraid that the girl should work like that and have no one to take care of her. Two weeks is enough working. I have girls usually think they are too old, but I'll make you trust me."

Mrs. Forbes was calling them from the kitchen door. Marion ran ahead, her cheeks scarlet and her eyes star bright.

But of course when they were driving to town through that street suddenly how grateful she was to him for saving her life. And he made the same remark to the girl who he thought of as his friend.

Lengthy Lines.

In "Leaves from the Notebooks of Lady Dorothy Nevill," edited by Lady Dorothy's son, Ralph Nevill, there is an amusing story of an old peer whose considerable family pride was agreeably tempered with humor.

One day he was surprised to be told by his sister that he had conceived a great affection for a well known although eccentric man of science who, although generally esteemed, was of very humble Semite origin.

Not quite determined as to what course of action he should take, he sent for the prospective bridegroom with the intention of talking matters over. After some conversation he said:

"And now, sir, I should like to know something about your family."

"I think," replied the girl, "that it will be sufficient to say that I am of the descent of the illustrious Lord of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob."

"Oh," said the peer, "your family has nothing to compare with that. If my sister really likes you, you had better take her."

## ST. VITUS DANCE

A Severe Case Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

St. Vitus' dance is a disease of the nerves brought on by a morbid condition of the blood. It is a common disease with children and attacks females oftener than males. The only cure lies in plenty of pure blood, because good blood is the life food of the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure even the most severe forms of this trouble because they enrich the blood supply, thus carrying the necessary food to the nerves. In proof of this we have the statement of Mrs. Alex. Cameron, Summerville, P.E.I., who says: "Some years ago my daughter Lena, then a child of ten years, became afflicted with St. Vitus' dance. At that time she was attending school and the first indication I had that something was wrong, was that she appeared easily discouraged in her studies. She was naturally a cheerful child, but given to tantrums, but she would cry over what I thought should be easy work for her. The doctor prescribed so rapidly that the course of a few weeks she became unable to hold anything in her hands, and she was obliged to take her out of school. She became so afflicted that she could not hold a cup of tea, and she was entirely out of hold of it. I knew from the first by the symptoms that her ailment was St. Vitus' dance, and I was determined to get a couple of boxes of the Pills, and by the time she had used them I noticed a decided change for the better, and purchased a further supply. By the time she had used seven boxes she was entirely cured. Although she seemed thoroughly cured I was afraid the disease might return again, but it never did, and she has since enjoyed the best of health. I cannot thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enough for what they did for my child, and I hope my experience may be of benefit to someone afflicted with this disease."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be obtained by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Wife—Be sure to advertise for Fido in the morning papers.

Next day the wife read as follows: "Lost—A manly lad, with one eye and no tail. Too fat to walk. Answer to the name of Fido. If returned stuffed, large reward."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A pleasant medicine for children is Mother Graves' Worm Expeller. It is a pleasant medicine for driving worms from the system.

"You can always tell an actor whose season has not been prosperous," said Mr. Stornington Barnes.

"He won't talk with you five minutes without saying that the public don't appreciate art."—Washington Star.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

"Barney's wooden leg has been pinning him in late," said Scholtes to his wife.

"How can that be?" said Mrs. Scholtes irritably.

"Mrs. Barney, has been thrashing him with it, was the explanation."—Judge's Library.

Requisite on the Farm—Every farmer should keep a supply of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil on hand, not only as a ready cure for ills in the family, but because it is a powerful and reliable remedy for driving worms from the system.

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## POTAMINE POISONING.

How to Prevent It in Meat, Fish and Crabs.

The reports of cases of potamine poisoning from eating crabs should be a warning to housekeepers and cooks as to all kinds of potamine dangers. A potamine is not a microbe, but is the product of a microbe, as all grain alcohol is the product of fermentation, caused by the yeast microbe, which changes sugar into alcohol. Alcohol itself is, therefore, a potamine, but as to its poisonous action, this potamine is not dangerous when properly used.

But there are many dangerous potamines—the products of various putrefactive microbes. The microbes themselves may always be killed by boiling, but potamine may not be so killed, as boiled alcohol is still alcohol. The only sure way says the Baltimore American, to prevent potamine poisoning in meat, fish, crabs or any other article of diet is to kill the microbes and thus prevent the production of potamine.

Crabs are not healthy unless killed by severe and sudden heat, as by being thrown alive into boiling water. This practice appears to be cruel, but it is just the contrary, as the hot water causes the crab to lose consciousness instantly and its suffering ceases at once. And any crab killed in this way can be eaten with perfect safety.

If crabs are kept six hours after boiling, they should be boiled again for at least a few moments, after which they may be kept safely for another six hours. Then they should be boiled again, for the same reason, before, to prevent the production of potamine. It is not safe to eat crabs, fish, meats or any other cooked articles of food longer than six hours after they have been killed.

Ice retards the work of microbes, but must be used with care in the kitchen. In fact, unless the greatest care is taken by the housekeeper an ice chest may become a great danger incubator of microbes.

Water made boiling hot is man's best defense against his infinitesimal enemy, since microbe can survive contact with it.

Climb it.

He had just finished telling the elevator boy in one of the office buildings about the disadvantages of working inside. He called the attention of the lad to his own physical condition, saying: "My back has lived out of doors most of my life. There is one thing that is next to impossible for me to develop, and that is climate."

The boy smiled as the healthy one completed his discourse.

"Remember, boy," he added, "climate."

He left the building, returning half an hour later to find the elevator out of order. The elevator boy greeted him with a grin, saying: "You've got a chance to demonstrate your policy."

"How was the question."

"Climb it," said the boy, and the healthy one did.

Converted by Medicine.

A woman missionary who was also a doctor had a curious experience in Burma, where she had just arrived. She found a village community dying off like flies with cholera. She made a house to house inspection, administered a specific and, having broken the back of the malady, left behind her a number of the medicine.

He returned the head man cheered her by the greeting, "We have come over to your side. The medicine did us so much good that we have accepted your God." He led her to his house and into the apartment sacred to his worship.

There, arrayed upon the shelf, were the medicine bottles, and he, with all his household, instantly bowed down and prayed in thankfulness for the cure.

In Feast of the Garlands.

In several of the more remote Swiss cantons there is held what is known as the "feast of the garlands." The custom is a mediaeval one, and is held at sunset, sing, dance and make merry. Each wears a chaplet of flowers on his forehead and carries a nosegay tied with bright colored ribbon in his hands. If a lad is attracted by a maid he plucks a flower from her bunch. She pretends not to notice, but when the merrymaking breaks up at dawn she will, if she reciprocates his feelings, tie the entire bouquet by the ribbon to the handle of the door of the cabin where in he resides or alternatively fling it through the open casement of his bedroom.

A Lucky Hairdresser.

Duplan, the hairdresser to Napoleon, made himself so indispensable to the unfortunate Josephine and became so intimately acquainted with her private affairs that he was retained in the service of the imperial family when Josephine was superseded by Marie Louise. He cared for the hair of both the emperor and empress, being paid 4,000 francs a year for service to former and 6,000 for arranging the coiffures of the latter. Ultimately he was the recipient of about 40,000 francs, and his demands being constantly increased because of Napoleon's restriction in regard to allow the emperor's artist to treat the hair of any other courtier.

Still Alive.

"That first Miss Robinson has refused two suitors whom she distinctly encouraged. One of them threatened to leave this earth."

"And he carried out the threat?" "Yes."

"Not at all. He simply went up in his airship! The second one told her that he would marry her."

"Gracious! And did the poor fellow drown himself?" "No; he was a lieutenant on a submarine."

## OUR AGENT IS NOW TOURING THE WESTERN PROVINCES

THE HOME OF FASHION

It is worth your consideration—the perfection of fit, style and finish at the minimum of cost. For years past we have made tailoring our special study, until to-day it is no exaggeration to say that our House boasts the finest equipment and organization in the Tailoring World. We have specialized in the art of fitting clients residing overseas, and, moreover, not only in fitting, but also in producing the real American fashions. There is no need to pay exorbitant prices for your tailoring requirements. The merit of our tailoring is backed by our unreserved guarantee to refund every cent of our clients' money where we fail to give absolute satisfaction. No other Tailoring House on either side of the Atlantic dare offer such an unqualified guarantee. Whether you desire your clothes tailored in latest New York style or latest London fashions, we guarantee absolute satisfaction. The process is simple. Merely fill in a postcard, and address same to us as below, asking for our latest assortment of patterns, together with latest fashion-plates, instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all free and carriage paid. We dispatch your order within seven days from receipt, and if you don't approve, return the goods, and we will refund your money.

WITHIN SEVEN DAYS SUITS AND OVERCOATS to measure from \$5.14 to \$20.

CURZON BROS. The World's Measure Tailors.

(Dept. E 1), 60/62 CITY ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

For Toronto and East Canada: CURZON BROS., 616 HIGHT STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

For Winnipeg and the West: CURZON BROS., 616 HENDERSON ST., (Dept. E 1), 278 Garry Street, WINNIPEG.

Below we tabulate the various towns that Mr. Greene will visit on his tour, together with approximate dates of his arrival in each town:

Vancouver, Grand View . . . . . Sept. 7th.  
Kamloops, Dominion Hotel . . . . . Sept. 21st.  
Revelstoke, Hotel Revelstoke . . . . . Sept. 24th.  
Calgary, Queen's Hotel . . . . . Sept. 28th.  
Edmonton, Windsor Hotel . . . . . Oct. 5th.  
Saskatoon, Queen's Hotel . . . . . Oct. 12th.  
Regina, "The Clayton" . . . . . Oct. 19th.  
Brandon, "The Empire" . . . . . Oct. 22nd.  
Portage la Prairie, The Leland . . . . . Oct. 29th.  
Winnipeg . . . . . Nov. 6th.

LOOK OUT FOR DEFINITE DATES. Please mention this paper.

SHREDDED WHEAT

Start the Day Right by Eating SHREDDED WHEAT for Breakfast with milk or cream and a little fruit. It is a Muscle-Building food, easily digested by the most delicate stomach.

Puts Vim and Vigor into tired nerves and weary brains. SOLD BY ALL GROCERS. 1053

WHEAT

ALWAYS, EVERYWHERE IN CANADA, ASK FOR EDDY'S MATCHES

Eddy's Matches have hailed from Hull since 1851—and these 57 years of Constant Betterment, have resulted in Eddy's Matches reaching a Height of Perfection attained by No Others.

Sold and used everywhere in Canada.

So Out It Comes. It Were.

Sparks—I wonder why it is a woman tells you everything you tell her. The Powder Manufacturer—Fancy old Bill of all people, going into the gunpowder shed with a lighted candle. I should have thought that that would be the last thing he'd do.

The Workman—Which, properly speakin', it were, sir—Sketch.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

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Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.







**SINGS**  
HIS ELEVEN NEW SONGS ON THE EMERSON  
PHONOGRAPH. We have them all in stock.  
**Westlake's**  
JEWELLERY AND  
STATIONERY Store

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1908

## LOCALS

J. B. Jett was at Lethbridge Friday last.

E. C. Jones was up at Lethbridge Saturday on business.

You can see any day a white horse; did you ever see a white colt?

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Layton have returned home from visiting friends and relatives in Utah.

Furnished rooms, with or without board. Apply to Mrs. L. J. Ritchie, south of truck near Cousin's Hall.

34-3p

A box social in aid of the Mines Family School will be held in the mine School building Saturday, Oct. 31st, at 8 p.m. All welcome.

Station Agent S. B. Mitchell strung wires over to the Palace Hotel Monday. The reports of the elections were received and bulletined in the hotel.

Stephen Turner left Friday for Fernie to inspect an air compressor plant which, if found all right, may be bought and placed in Bullock Bros' mine.

Miss V. D'Este, who has been visiting with Mrs. L. J. Ritchie for the last few weeks, left for her home at Toronto Tuesday. During her visit in Taber she has made many friends who regret her departure.

The Council has decided to continue the services of T. Bullock as policeman and not reinstate D. W. Burns. The result is that the town will likely have a month's salary to pay for nothing.

Elder S. J. Francis, who has been doing missionary work in the interests of the L.D.S. Church at Chattanooga, Tenn., for the past three years, has returned home. He reports having had a very pleasant time.

Mr. Taylor's new elevator is open for business and some grain has already been received. The work of putting on the iron siding will be completed this week. The elevator is first class in every particular and is a credit to the company and the town.

**WE WANT LAND** men and owners to send us at once minute and exact descriptions of choice dry holdings at close figures and easy terms near railroad. Lethbridge or Taber preferred. No other than choice lands near railroads will be considered. M. L. Helgeson, 2541 Colfax Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

34-4t

Harvest festival services were held in St. Theodore Church last Sunday morning and evening, when eloquent addresses were delivered by the pastor, Rev. D. Jones. At the evening service the choir, under the able leadership of Mr. Mark Handcock, rendered the beautiful anthem, "Praise the Lord." The church was artistically decorated for the occasion.

Mr. H. F. Ransom of Moline, Ill., was here last week with a party of land seekers from Illinois and Iowa. The party consisted of Messrs. Snider, G. W. Blaser, C. E. Hollingsworth, G. B. Strayer and Martin Ingram. A brother of Mr. G. W. Blaser has bought a section of the famous C.Y. ranch land, and we understand sales have been made to other members of the party.

# C. A. Magrath, M. P.

## Mr. C. A. Magrath, Conservative, Elected By a Good Majority

The election in the Medicine Hat constituency has been a surprise to many. While it was generally conceded that Mr. Magrath would be elected, the large majorities at some of the polls was not expected. Taber, for instance, gave a majority of 87. This was no doubt the result of overconfidence and lack of work on the part of the Liberals. Magrath stood nobly by its namesake, as did also Medicine Hat. Lethbridge was expected to give Mr. Magrath a big majority, but here Mr. Simmonds did better than expected. The larger towns gave Conservative majorities, while the rural sections stood by the Liberals.

The corrected returns, so far as received, are as follows:

	Mtys.	Sim's.	M.	S.
Adna	15	29	14	14
Albion Ridge	9	13	4	13
Barnes Mine	13	16	3	16
Bassano	4	4	4	4
Bishop	7	7	7	7
Bowell	15	20	5	20
Bow Island	5	10	5	10
Bowville	7	97	90	97
Boundary Creek	23	23	14	23
Brooks	9	23	14	23
Bull Springs	5	5	5	5
Burdette	1	1	1	1
Caldwell	6	15	9	15
Cardston	106	117	11	117
Cauldwell	11	15	4	15
Coleridge	43	24	19	24
Cottis	5	10	5	10
Diamond City	6	21	15	21
Eagle Butte	8	8	8	8
Elkwater	5	5	5	5
Fieldman's Lake	26	31	5	31
Finish Lake	2	2	2	2
Gleichen	40	40	40	40
Grassy Lake	25	32	7	32

	Mtys.	Sim's.	M.	S.
Gros Ventre	19	8	19	8
Iron Springs	32	8	32	8
Irvine	8	8	8	8
Josephburg	18	18	18	18
Kebo	8	19	12	19
Kimball	20	20	20	20
Lethbridge	633	674	119	674
Little Plume	4	4	4	4
Magrath	114	46	68	46
Medicine Hat	566	364	202	364
Milk River	1	7	6	7
Miller's	6	6	6	6
Mountain View	50	16	34	16
Murray's	6	6	6	6
Neidig	9	16	7	16
Newburg	24	24	24	24
Newlands	11	11	11	11
O'Connor's	3	2	1	2
Peterson's	2	11	9	11
P.K. Ranch	16	16	16	16
Provo	9	8	1	8
Purple Springs	6	9	3	9
Raley	7	3	4	3
Rogers	73	134	61	134
Robinson's Ranch	2	2	2	2
Rutherford's	5	5	5	5
Seven Persons	15	15	15	15
Spring Coulee	2	7	5	7
Stirling	57	59	2	59
St. Mary's	7	11	4	11
Taber, A.	113	57	56	57
Taber, B.	81	50	31	50
Taylorville	4	14	10	14
Walsh	23	13	10	13
Warner	4	11	7	11
White's	18	4	14	4
Woodford	9	25	16	25
Woodpecker	13	13	13	13
Writing on Stone	5	3	2	3
Totals	678	415	15	415

Majority for Magrath—263; with 15 polls to hear from.

Orman has returned from Salt Lake City, Utah.

F. B. Henderson of Woodpecker reports that six head of cattle were killed during the storm by a C.P.R. train.

Mr. D. W. Burns has accepted the position of manager at the Taber Hotel and Mr. H. J. Eastman as night clerk.

John Carroll of the Taber Hotel left for his old home in Wisconsin on Wednesday morning. He expects to be away some two or three months.

Will the parties who removed the optical sign, hanging from Westlake's window, kindly return same at once to prevent further trouble, as they are known?

"The recent snow storm is a boon to this country," said A. R. Marchessault of the Lethbridge Herald reporter. He thinks an average of six inches has fallen.

Chester Heard will move his barber shop into Mr. Riley's pool room next Monday. The front part of the room has been partitioned off and Mr. Heard will have a very neat and comfortable shop.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Sipes, who have been residents of Taber for the past year, are moving this week to Rouleau, Sask., where they will make their home. Their many Taber friends will regret their departure.

Mrs. N. W. Darrow, when in town last week, was taken suddenly ill. Her daughter at Surrey, N.D., was wired and arrived on Saturday. Mrs. Darrow is staying with Mrs. Larson and all will be pleased to know she is getting all right again.

A minor named Cummings was arrested for drunkenness this week and fined \$1 and costs. Judge Aubin gave him warning not to appear there again or he would be severely dealt with. For a similar offence John Doe, a stranger, was placed in the cooler and afterwards deported.

## News in Brief

President Roosevelt was fifty years old Tuesday.

Forest fires have been raging around Haliburton, Ont.

Seventeen hundred people have applied for old age pensions at Aberdeen, Scotland.

Wm. Stead, of Winnipeg, a prominent grain and elevator owner, is dead of typhoid fever.

The name of the firm of Foley, Lock & Larson has been changed to Foley Bros., Larson & Co.

Wm. Cook, formerly manager of the Merchants' Bank in Toronto, is dead. He was 80 years old.

Edward Hagarty of Brewer's Mills, Ont., was started to find his father dead beside him in the buggy.

Three men were arrested at the instance of the Winnipeg Liberals, charged with personation and perjury.

An eagle which has spent all its life in captivity has died at Diranean in Perthshire at the respectable age of 37 years.

Land warrants for South African veterans will be issued at the rate of 200 a day till the applications are disposed of.

Constable George Gribbon of the R.N.W.M.P., died at the barracks hospital, Regina, Sunday from typhoid fever.

Two people perished in the recent snow storm in the Maple Creek and Medicine Hat districts, and the loss of sheep is heavy.

The large new frame barn of W. H. McMeans, of Birtle, Man., including eleven horses and three cattle, was burned Saturday night.

David Allan, a printer on Notre Dame Street, Montreal, was arrested on a charge of printing indecent pictures. He was released on bail.

M. G. Fischer of Toronto has been appointed Canadian Commissioner at Glasgow. This makes the fifth Canadian trade commissioner in Great Britain and the first in Scotland.

Edward Bostridge, 18 years old, was instantly killed by touching a live wire on an electric light pole. With a number of other lads he climbed up a pole and touched the guy wire, which was charged.

Bush fires are sweeping over Bruce peninsula practically from Southampton and Wiarton to Tobermory, very few timber lots, or farms escaping. Large amounts of cut timber, together with fences, farm buildings and pasture lands, were destroyed in parts.

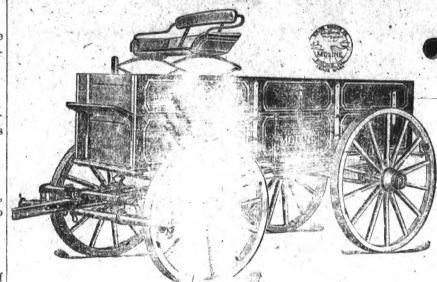
Baxter, Reed & Co. shipped a train load of fine cattle this week for the Chicago market. The train consisted of ten cars from their ranch at Olds and ten cars from their Airdrie fattening station. This is the second train of beef cattle that this enterprising firm has sent out to the great cattle market of the States this fall.

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